The PULPIT

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Lenten Number

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'The Mountains Are Still Ours'

In the war news concerning Norway, following the retreat of the Oslo government, was mentioned the name of Narvik, a seaport on the west coast. The city was seized by the Germans, bombarded by the British, half destroyed by aerial battles. But out of Narvik has come one of the most striking incidents of the war. The mayor of the city, standing amid the ruins in conference with newspaper men, uttered these words: "The mountains are still ours." This is surely a message for this hour. Though peace, freedom, truth, honor, security and beauty have seemingly been destroyed, we need to be made aware of the fact that the "mountains" of courage, faith, hope and love are still ours. In the words of King Albert of Belgium when he was confronted by the kaiser with the taunting remark, "You have lost all," we can say with proud confidence: "No, not my soul!" Let us lift our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help.—*A. W. Barker, United Church of Canada, Highgate, Ont., Canada*

Back to the Old Plan!

The day after the air raid which resulted in the demolition of the House of Commons chamber at Westminster, when we knew the worst, the thought was in millions of minds that after the war we must build that old historic house "according to the original plan," but alas! the old plan was nowhere to be found. The prime minister confessed to the House that all possible research was being made and would be made.

Away back in the year 1882 a famous architect was going over a number of old plans, and distributed those for which he had no further use to his staff of young designers and draughtsmen. One of these young men who chose a plan and who is still alive today was recently listening in to a talk on "Planning," and the speaker reminded his listeners that old plans and old papers had acquired a new value as munitions of war, and suggested that those listening in should immediately search their houses and turn in all old papers for salvage. The architect who in his youth had acquired the plan from his chief made search in his attic, and there, amid the dust of the years, discovered he had in his possession something of great value which had long ago been forgotten. It was the original plan of the House of Commons! The good news was at once conveyed to the House, and the plan pronounced valid, and a great relief filled the minds of many people that in the period of reconstruction the House of Commons chamber would be rebuilt on the model of the old plan.

There is surely a parable in this story. The world is in a terrible mess of trouble and disaster because the old plan of God's Word and God's will has been lost or set aside. Men have either rejected it altogether or tampered with it. God's plan is the only solution! Nothing less will do. Let us seek out that old plan for the reconstruction which must follow this war.—*Charles S. Rodenberger, First Evangelical and Reformed Church, Carlisle, Pa. (From the Christian World Pulpit.)*

The Transforming Power Of the Crucifixion

It is an old story, but it is still good: the story of the artist who was commissioned by the vicar of the rich church of St. Jerome to paint a large altar-piece of the crucifixion. He worked hard at the picture through the winter months, but when spring came he had a great hunger for wandering. He came upon a gypsy girl plaiting straw hats and he conceived the idea of painting her as a Spanish dancing-girl. So he arranged for her to come to his studio. At the appointed time she arrived. Gazing with wonder about the studio, she noticed the unfinished altarpiece. "Who is that?" she asked, pointing at the central figure. "The Christ," the artist answered casually. "What is being done to him?" "He is being crucified." "Who are all those people with the bad faces around him?" The artist was annoyed by her questions and told her to keep still. "Why did they crucify him? Was he bad, very bad?" "No, very good." "Then if he was good why did they do so?" Moved by her eagerness, the artist said: "Listen! I will tell you the story, and then ask no more questions." Then he told the story, but with coldness. But her eyes swam in tears. "You must love him very much, Signor, when he has done all that for you," she said. The artist's face flushed. The girl left the studio when her sitting was done; but her words rang in the artist's heart. He sent the altar-piece to its destination but could not forget the girl's words, "A that for you."

Finally he bought a copy of t New Testament and as he read, t glorious message was unfolded to h need. "Did all that for me!" T artist fell on his knees and prayed paint worthily. Then he set to wo at a new picture of the crucifixio the fire of genius blazing in his so When it was completed, he felt excellence—it was almost divine. H would not, could not, sell it, but ga it in free will to his native city. the painting hung in the public ga lery, the citizens flocked to see then voices were hushed as they gaz upon it. And they returned hon knowing the love of God and repea ing the words written so distinct beneath: "All this I did for the what hast thou done for me?"

"And the Word became flesh a dwelt among us, and we beheld h glory, glory as of the only begott from the Father, full of grace a truth."—*Walter A. Smith, Congrega tional Church, Spring Valley, Wis.*

The Invasion of Christ

The world has witnessed many i vasions—conquerors who with go swords and smoking guns, groani ships and droning planes, rumbli tanks and jumping jeeps have creat terror in the world. Even today w are gritting our teeth in a gigant struggle, the greatest war in histor to see if this nation or that nation c endure. We are drawing upon eve resource that we possess. Yet a fe weeks after the new armistice signed the invasion of Jesus will more prominent in the minds of m than the invasions of Italy, or Japa or Germany. Even today, when the world is at war, the invasion Jesus is still the most significant i vasion of all time. And the questi for us is not, "Did he come?" b rather, "How did you receive hin What did you do with him?"—*Lou J. Kovar, First Presbyterian Churc Hannibal, Mo.*

What Man Wants Most

Freud said that man wants most all to be loved. No less certain w Jung, who declared that security the thing most men crave and desi Finally Adler gave as his convicti that man wants most of all to significant.

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The Pulpit

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

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Prevailing Prayer

BY GEORGE A. BUTTRICK

WHY should prayer seem strange? In every event we do business with the universe. The light by which you see comes from the cosmos. Your very breathing affects the farthest star. There is nothing ordinary: everything is universal. If these facts hold for the body, why do they not hold also for the Spirit?

I

Prayer turns the event. It is a thrust into the movement of man's life. It is not merely passive resignation, but dynamic power. Did not Archimedes say that if he could find a fulcrum—somewhere to rest his crowbar—he could move the world? Prayer is more than a fulcrum: it lays hold of the energies of God. The words of Jesus are not passive concerning prayer: *"Ask,* and it shall be *done."* That language is of the very stuff of deeds.

But God does not grant everything we ask? Plainly not. How could he and still be a good God? But God grants some things for which we ask—because we ask them. That is to say, he deals with us as we with children: he teaches and guides us through our own desires. The age-long conviction of answered prayer, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him," is as staunch as the conviction of life itself. Within limits, God grants us freedom of labor and thought—and prayer.

But are there no inviolable fidelities, called by the scientist "natural law," which no prayer can break? There are fidelities, call them what you will, which God, for man's own sake, must not allow man's prayer to break. But there are areas of free play in life as well as fidelities; and there is the mysterious meshing of the world's movement with man's will. Take as instance Augustine's conversion. The seasons were not changed nor the mountains moved by his prayers or by his mother's prayers. But why did that child say, *"Tolle, lege," "Tolle, lege,"* oft-repeated as a child repeats? And why did Augustine construe the remark to mean his Bible? And why did the Bible open at one particular page? And why did all these events and his being in the garden in that mood at that time conspire to convert him? The doctrine of natural law is empty of answer. The faith that prayers were there granted rings true: "If ye shall ask anything in my Name it shall be done unto you."

The miracle of the event! The mystery of the happening! Who controls it? Not natural law: natural law is only a pattern which man traces in events—after they have occurred. God and man (man under God) control events by thought, by labor, and by prayer. "Man's control must necessarily be small," someone says? Yes, for our own good. But it is real, though small, for God has not made us slaves. His relation with us is not that of an inventor controlling robots, or of a tyrant ruling his serfs, but of a Father training and loving his children. Praying men in every age have looked at the mystery of unpredictable event and exclaimed, "God brought it to pass!" That verdict is as primal as the scientist's, "I see it!" We can affect the play of events by our prayers! Perhaps the power is *not* small. In the "Purgatorio" there was a marvelous moment when a tremor passed through the Holy Mountain, and all souls on all the terraces of being forgot their pains and joined in an ecstatic Gloria. Why? One soul had cast off the fetters of selfishness! One prayer had been raised in complete surrender and sincerity! For prayer is *action.*

II

Prayer purifies the man who prays. If prayer did not make us better people, its power, if we used it, might be our doom. The planet is filled with powers which we are not good enough to use, and which therefore we abuse. Are steam-radiators a blessing? They could be, but are they? We might have been better off in log cabins, cutting our own wood, and keeping some family life round our own hearthstone. Are automobiles and airplanes a blessing? They could be, but are they? We laugh at the horse-and-buggy era. But it had this advantage: it could not easily indulge in mass murder. There is a summer colony where the cottage owners used to carry buckets to the well night and morning, travel to town seven miles away only by lake steamer which made three trips a day, do their own washing, and find contentment in simple pleasures. Now everybody dashes to town in ten minutes (about every ten minutes), or did before the war, in an automobile; and the simplicities of life have largely vanished. And there is no conclusive evidence that the people involved are better people.

An old hermit met Gerhard Groote in a crowd, touched his elbow, and said, "Thou shouldst become a better man." That is our basic problem. We talk hopefully of the postwar world. But no world can be better than our present world unless present people become better people. How can we find added goodness to control our added powers? How can we overcome national selfishness? Not by the sword: the best the sword can do is by sadness and suffering to make us think. It can do that only if there are enough good

people around who are willing to think: otherwise it may make us hate and brood and forge new swords. How to overcome national selfishness—the business of every nation thinking only of itself until it is too late? How to overcome individual selfishness—the coercive greed of the classes provoking the coercive greed of the masses, which latter curse is now upon us? The plain fact is: there is not enough genuine goodness to go round. How to draw on more goodness? That is the answer: we *draw* goodness from God, the Source of all good.

We cannot make our own fire. How would we begin? We might try an old-fashioned flint. But that spark comes from the sun. We might use a storage-battery. But a storage-battery is just that: it stores electricity, and has no power to make the electricity which it stores: the electricity comes from Niagara, which in turn is nature's gift. At Pentecost men prayed. Then there came the spirit of God "like a mighty rushing wind": man cannot make his own sky. Then there came the spirit of God in "tongues of fire": man cannot make his own fire. The praying man draws on God for goodness. When enough men pray there will be goodness enough to go round. Then it spreads from life to life. There is a small boy who is fond of saying, "Shake the hand that shook the hand that shook the hand that shook the hand of the King of England." Actually we are not many handshakes from anybody, great or obscure. Life mysteriously flows into life. "Our echoes roll from soul to soul." One of the saints, setting out on an arduous mission, declared that he could see no difference between an exterior mission and an interior mission. Said he: "On that interior mission of grace, mercy and charity, I declare all to be sent." Prayer is spreading purity, for interior light inevitably goes on its mission.

III

Prayer brings revival in the church. Prayer alone gives power to the evangelist. How did the early church prevail? By prayer—prayer is the prelude, and prayer is the continuing resource, of both word and deed. They never spoke tentatively about prayer as we speak. They did not say faithlessly, "We can still pray"—as though prayer were a poor broken tool to be used only when other tools were gone. They did not say, "We can at least pray"—as though prayer were the straw at which drowning men must grasp—and still drown! They said, laying hold of the promises of Christ, "If we ask anything in his name, he will do it." At Pentecost they prayed until self and danger were alike forgotten, until God came—like tongues of fire, we are told: like mighty rushing wind, like rivers of living water, like sudden speech to a man born dumb. Perhaps it would be foolish to literalize the experience, but it would be still more foolish to deny or diminish or traduce it. Perhaps each could have said, as Browning once said of a like experience:

> Where one heard noise,
> And one saw flame
> I only knew He named my name.

Those men of the early church had no timid little half-faith in prayer. They knew that prayer was opening life to all the cleansing power of God. Their prayer redeemed their eyes so that they suddenly understood Jesus and his cosmic cross; it widened their sympathies so that they called the stranger their brother, it canceled their greed so that they "had all things in common," and it turned their fear into such courage of eternal life that they cared little whether they lived or died. Are you going to say, cringingly, of such prayer: "We can at least pray"? On the Great Divide is a little lake. It is land-locked in dry weather. But in rains it flows down both sides of the mountains, and waters every plain. Prayer gives the overflow. These men prayed.

Then they lived in the prayer, and never paused to ask in poor misgiving. "But what will happen to us?" We are not commending a pietism or a quietism. Prayer will not serve us well unless it be given for its instrument the venture of the deed. They did not demand proof before they made the venture. They lived the prayer, whether as ruler or artisan. Dr. Farmer tells us that in the Parish Church of Kinghorn in Fife, over the aisle of one of the transepts hangs the model of a ship. The sailors sit in that transept. The ship-model is there to remind them that their craft must be a continuance of their prayers. There should be a model of a bank, a school, an office, a home, a store—even though an unseen model—in every church. The Bible says that the strength of Samson is the gift of the Spirit, and the music of David, and the artistry of the men who designed and wove the Temple curtains. Does not Emerson tell us that "when the Over-soul breathes through a man's intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it breathes through his emotions, it is love"? Those men prayed—and then lived the prayer, and they changed the world.

IV

Prayer is friendship. It is *the* Friendship. When you sit by the fire with a friend, saying things better than you knew you could say and in better words, hearing things which confirm your best soul, or perchance quite content with a silence which needs no words, you do not ask what friendship is "good for"; for friendship is its own good. Like great music, it is the "end of the road." You have arrived, and are at home. How much more when your Friend is—God!

God is an unfathomable Depth, a Light before whom angels veil their faces, a Forge of Creation whose lightnings fill all skies. But God could not have made us if our humanness were not also in his nature. He grieves in our grief. He is "bruised for our iniquities." "There is joy in heaven," Jesus told us, "over one sinner that repenteth." One contrite sigh rings the celestial bells. Then may we not say, even while we kneel before the Mystery, that God also is gladdened by the friendship of prayer? That is the insight of the Browning poem. A boy prayed.

> Morning, evening, noon and night,
> "Praise God," sang Theocrite.

But soon the boy forgot to sing. He was ambitious

to be pope, and said prayers instead of praying. God missed the boy's love. So Gabriel,

> like a rainbow's birth,
> Spread his wings and sank to earth;
> And morning, evening, noon, and night
> Praised God in place of Theocrite.

But God was still sad, and was not mocked; and said:

> "Clearer loves sound other ways:
> I miss my little human praise."

We cannot give God the "clearer love," the Gabriel praise, for we are stained. But God misses our broken human friendship when it is not given—God whose heart is broken by the murderous strife among his children.

How we miss God when we neglect that deepest comradeship! You can endure the gloom in which we must walk for the next several years, you can face the disillusionment and poverty which must surely come, you can wrestle even with the cynicism and hate, you can prevail to build a new world, if—if you are friends with God. No poverty can overcome that treasure, no disillusionment can break that peace, no hate can overcome that love.

And (dare we say it?) God can endure our disfigurement of his fair world if only he has our disfigured yet homesick love:

> God warms his hands at man's heart when he prays,
> And light of prayer is spreading heart to heart. . . .

Prayer is friendship—a friendship still held in adoration before God's terror and majesty, but still rejoicing in the Word evermore made flesh.

V

We are always in touch with the eternal—with every breath, with every step. What governs events? Why did Grenfell attend a Moody revival service on a certain night, and why did Moody say (during a long-winded prayer), "The rest of us will sing a hymn while that brother finishes his praying"; and why should that have begun Grenfell's conversion, and thus changed the history of Labrador? Had the prayers of Grenfell and Moody nothing to do with it? How is goodness increased, if not by communion with a source of goodness? How can revival come except in Pentecostal prayer? Where is the very flame of life eternal if not in worship? We are always in touch with infinity. Prayer makes that traffic an ordered discipline and comradeship. Prayer is action, prayer is purity, prayer is evangelistic power, prayer is friendship. "O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."

As for us Christians, professional believers in God, who have inherited a faith in God or persuaded ourselves of it by argument, see how ineffectual that mere theological God is until he has become what in Christ he always seeks to become, a real, interior God, our inner reliance and our day-by-day devotion.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

The Human Face of God

BY HAROLD BLAKE WALKER

God was in Christ. . . . II Corinthians 5:19.

THROUGHOUT the centuries Christendom has looked to the Jesus of history for its most authentic insights into the nature and character of God. When the Fourth Gospel reported Jesus as saying, "He that believeth on me, believeth not on me, but on him that sent me," there was summed up in a unique way the experience of early Christians with their Master. His life inescapably pointed to a power behind him, suggested a reference beyond him, revealed a reality within him. His spirit, so rich in "grace and truth," gave birth to the conviction that "God was in Christ." "Love so amazing, so divine" as to claim "my life, my all" inspired the persistent question, "What manner of man is this?" and the answer, "the only begotten of the Father."

By the time of the Westminster Assembly the beliefs of men about Jesus had crystallized into innumerable creeds which were the outcome of experiences which demanded explanation. You cannot explain a tidal wave with a teardrop or a cyclone with a tin whistle; nor can you explain the mighty forces let loose to "upset the world" at Christ's coming with recourse to nothing more significant than the passing life of an impractical dreamer. Here was power to move and shake the world and it needed a source more splendid than the little men who found and used it. If men called Jesus "Messiah," "Lord," "Christ," "Son of God," it was because they sought in language a way of accounting for what had happened to their lives and what they had seen in the lives of other men. It was clear to them that God could come, had come into human life and that they had seen "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

When the Westminster fathers insisted that "two whole, perfect and distinct natures, the Godhead and the manhood, were inseparably joined together in one person," which person is Christ, they were saying, in substance, that if you want to know God take a look at the Jesus of history; if you want a hint of the nature of the Everlasting, just consider Jesus whom Professor Hocking calls "the human face of God." "The mind of Christ," for them, was a prism revealing the shades and colors of the mind of God.

I

So, you see, the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus is concerned not so much to glorify the Master as it is to say something about God. Jesus was of the utmost

significance in the eyes of the Westminster divines because his life revealed something splendid about God. By way of Jesus, the Everlasting put on a new face. He became for men not the detached mind, sitting silently behind the canopy of heaven, but a Living Spirit closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet. He escaped the confining fetters of inexorable law and indifferent force, and assumed the stature of a friend that "sticketh closer than a brother." "God cares!" Such is the good news Jesus brought to a baffled humanity. It is "good news" in anybody's world; a stabilizing and inspiring flash from beyond. It brings us "good tidings of great joy," for it affirms that even though ruthless forces roll over us like the tide and we feel ourselves as impotent as King Canute, God is by no means coldly indifferent to our plight.

Not by magic does he compel the tides to cease their flowing, but by his Spirit he makes us adequate to breast the breakers and to survive, still strong. His abiding care is revealed not in the absence of cross-crowned Calvaries, but in personal adequacy to bear and use them.

The portrait of God painted in the words and ways of Jesus is one of spiritual beauty and tenderness. Lost though we may be in sin and evil, he would forever "seek and save that which is lost." He "seeth in secret"; "knoweth your heart"; reacheth out in love to the leper and the outcast, to the hurt and the wounded, to the sick and the imprisoned. His "grace is sufficient" to sustain the exile and the refugee, the hungry and the despised. Even the "lilies of the field" are the concern of the Father, who likewise knows the birds as they nest. God cares for them; how much more will he care for you! "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Here is pictured for us all the spirit of a Compassionate Goodness at the heart of reality.

But you and I are victims of the modern temper when we think of God. Perhaps we are troubled by the feeling of the small boy who said he did not pray because, "God is like my father; he is too busy to listen." Possibly we suspect that God is like the "old woman who lived in a shoe," who "had so many children, she didn't know what to do." Thus do we impute to God our human limitations and then assume that he could not possibly know or care about us. Nevertheless the ultimate question is that of the college student who said to his professor of religion, "What I really want to know is this: Does God know my name?" The answer of the Scriptures and of the Westminster fathers whose guide the Scriptures were, is an unequivocal "Yes." God knew Elijah's name and found that discouraged prophet even after Elijah had fled to a cave on Mt. Horeb. God knew Samuel's name and called the lad in the night. He caught Saul unawares and changed the sinner's name to Paul to help wipe out the past. He knocked at the door where St. Thomas dwelt and made the skeptic into a man of steady faith.

God knows your name, and if you will but listen long enough you will hear him speaking; feel the nearness of his steady strength; know the reality of his comfort and his peace. Such is the message of "the human face of God."

II

It meant something tremendous to the ancient world when God turned out to be not indifferent to the affairs of men but compassionately interested in them. It really got under the skin when Jesus made it clear that God never gives a man up for lost no matter how much the man may dishonor himself. As the Westminster fathers put it, no man ever is "utterly destitute of the seed of God" or "the love of Christ." We talk about love being blind, and maybe it is, when those who love us go on believing in us in spite of all the stupid, foolish things we do. But God is blind that way, too. In spite of everything, he goes on believing that some day we will catch up with our possibilities and be what we were meant to be. You would not believe it possible, but God went on believing in the Prodigal Son even when the lad had fallen so far that he was "eating the husks that the swine did eat." God never doubted that in the end the boy would come to himself and return to his father's house. Zaccheus was not what you would call an honorable man, cheating on his tax collections the way he was, but God discovered elements of fineness which Zaccheus never dreamed were within himself. Who was there left to believe in the demoniac, who made his home among the caves by the Sea of Galilee, save God?

There is an astonishing insight into the heart of God in the dramatic scene in A. J. Cronin's *The Keys to the Kingdom,* in which the agnostic Dr. Tulloch lies dying at the end of a life unimpressed by the claims of religion. "I still can't believe in God," says the stricken man in his last breath. Father Chizzon replies with great gentleness: "Does that matter now? . . . He believes in you!" So it is even now, when the sons of men strive with one another like beasts of the field. He still believes in what we can be and waits to claim it. He stands at the door knocking even though we have resolutely closed the door upon him. The divine initiative is as constant as the stars, as inescapable as the moral law within. It seeks us out through strain and stress, in calm and in storm, knowing that what we have been is no measure of what we can be when the gates of the heart are opened to receive his Spirit.

My own father taught me the meaning of redemptive love, even though he was unaware of what he did. It was in the days when I was a reluctant piano pupil of an aspiring teacher who felt it necessary to exhibit her skill by occasional recitals presented by her pupils. I had prepared for one of these frightening exhibitions religiously if reluctantly. Two others performed before it was my turn to mount the stage. I sat down at the piano, only to discover I did not remember how to begin. I was to have played half a dozen chords, moving on then to a little selection called "Moonlight on the Waters." In desperation I sat until it was clear I must do something. The chord I struck then had no relation to the pleasing notes

that should have come from the piano. My second effort was another painful discord. I glanced up at my family. Father was sitting silently glum, biting his lips; mother was blushing furiously, and my sister was laughing. After several false starts, I concluded "Moonlight on the Waters" and sat down to a smattering of polite applause. On my way home little was said, but as I got out of the car my father put his arm around me and said: "Son, I know you can play those chords and 'Moonlight on the Waters' and so long as we know it what do we care about anybody else?"

That was salvation from despair to me. In spite of my failure and his embarrassment my father still believed in me. Enrich that experience a thousand fold until in spite of failure and defeat it is God who goes on believing in you not merely as a human father, and the redemption involved is utterly sublime.

What faith in the redeeming love of God can mean to a generation whose confidence in humanity is at a low ebb and whose cynicism is a byword is incalculable. It never was more difficult to believe in ourselves and in our fellow men than it is today when the worst in men is being flaunted for the world to see. We must know, if we would save ourselves, that there is Love at the heart of things still believing in men; still certain the past has not yet revealed what we can make of ourselves and our world. We do know, for "God was in Christ."

III

Looking into "the human face of God" it is impossible not to find forgiving love staring at us from the depths. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" spoken from the cross is the ultimate in forgiving love. It is not that we deserve to be forgiven; usually we don't, even though we may feel a painful twinge of conscience and regret. Pardon, said the Westminster fathers quite rightly, is "the act of God's free grace in Christ." Indeed, the prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses," is one whose meaning hinges upon a view of God which comes only from the mind of Christ. Unless there be a Christlike God we pray in vain to be forgiven for our sins.

Yet, be forgiven we must if we would live at peace with ourselves and win the satisfaction of a life made whole. It is not that forgiveness writes off the consequences of our sins and avoids our payment of their price. Retribution is inexorable. We are punished by our sins, forgiveness or no forgiveness. Sin is like the holes a small boy makes in his mother's priceless antique table while practicing driving nails with a new hammer. Pull out the nails, and still the holes remain. Plug the holes, make every sort of retribution with putty or plastic wood, and still the original beauty remains offended, less perfect than before. Forgiveness makes no change in that, but it does put an end to the sense of alienation, to the loneliness of being excluded from comradeship and sustaining fellowship. "Mother, I don't mind being spanked," said a small boy, "but please don't look at me that way"; that is an abiding expression of our deepest experience. We can endure sin's punishment; we cannot endure the alienated state of being unforgiven; we can endure the inescapable hurt of our own folly, we cannot endure the sense of not belonging to the commonwealth of God.

The significance for our times of the forgiving initiative of God reflected in the prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," cannot be overestimated. It implies our own readiness to forgive with an open-handedness akin to that of God. It demands a spirit with neither hate nor vindictiveness as the basis for social security and spiritual serenity. It lifts a warning hand against the contention of Rex Stout that "we shall hate or we shall fail" in war. Not hatred, but forgiveness is the key to future peace and to security as well, as Madame Chiang Kai-shek told some seventeen thousand cheering persons at Madison Square Garden in New York city. She, whose people have endured the ravages of Japanese invasion and ruthlessness, urged the necessity of forgiveness for the enemy because "there must be no bitterness in the reconstructed world. No matter what we have undergone and suffered, we must try to forgive those who have injured us and remember only the lessons gained thereby." Surely here is a contemporary exhibition of the mind of Christ, a refreshing reflection bringing assurance of the forgiving love of God.

IV

Perhaps such redemption and forgiveness seem too easy, but when we sense the meaning of the cross, their costliness to God is clear. If the cross says anything, it is that God forgives and redeems by way of suffering love. He is no casual giver of grace, no indifferent patron of the tortured conscience. Indeed, forgiveness has no meaning if it comes from one who paid no price for the right to offer it. It is not so with God. He stands revealed by the cross of Christ, suffering in our suffering, and feeling the anguish of our hurt. "Behold, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world" is a figurative way of saying that in suffering love God wins the right to forgive, to take away the sin of the world.

You see, it is through the suffering love of God that the sin of man is transformed into redemptive power. Human life knows no more potent force for good than love which suffers for our sins. We cannot escape it nor can we defy it; it breaks down the stoutest barriers we build against it and condemns us to some nobility. Says a suffering woman to her erring, faithless husband in a modern novel, "We will face this thing together, you and I, until we win out over it." Such love, enduring anguish, is more than any man can bear. It becomes for him a sacred grace inspiring repentance and inward alteration. Enrich such love a thousand fold until it becomes the love of God poured out on a cross for the sake of all of us; love which says in its agony, "We will face this thing together, you and I, until we win out against it," and we possess the power to break the tyranny of any sin. Yea, it is abidingly true that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself"; revealing himself to the sons of men that we might have life.

The Three Crosses

By Otto C. Seymour

And when they came to the place which is called the skull, there they crucified him, and the malefactors with him, one on the right hand and the other on the left. Luke 23:33.

THE word "cross" does not occur in the Old Testament although crucifixion as a mode of punishment was not out of the ordinary in the days of antiquity. The cross is prehistoric in its origin. It has been found amid the ruins of ancient Troy, in Cyprus, in Greece; also among the Chaldaeans, Phoenicians, Egyptians and various other primitive peoples. In the sixteenth century it was found among the Indians of Peru. In the long ago it was a symbol of horror. Rome considered it too degrading a punishment for one of her citizens. Cicero spoke of it as being reserved for slaves, robbers and thugs, those guilty of sedition, causing a tumult and bearing false witness. The method of capital punishment in vogue among the Jews was that of stoning. They wanted Jesus crucified and that is one reason they preferred that the Romans deal with him.

The New Testament cross is believed to have been made of wood, and raised either before or after the victim was affixed to it with spikes and bands. Usually the victims were fastened to it before it was erected.

There are, generally speaking, three types of crosses: St. Andrew's is in the shape of an ordinary X. Another is in shape of a capital T. The third has been called the "dagger cross." It is the one with which we are most familiar. Jesus is believed to have been nailed to a cross of this kind in that the upper part bore the name, title and the alleged crime.

Early in the fourth century the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, is reputed to have been told in a dream to go to Jerusalem. Shortly after her arrival she discovered three crosses. At the sight of one of them a sick woman is supposed to have been healed. Eusebius, famous church historian and friend of the royal family, failed to confirm the story, hence its historicity is doubted. Moreover, we are warranted in concluding that used crosses were burned and not buried.

The scene at Calvary depicts three crosses and only three. In the arrangement Jesus was placed between two thieves. Crosses almost without number have been uplifted in the various parts of the world, but only these three have a perpetual significance. Is it not true that we are prone to see just one cross? And it is well to remember that in a sense one is infinitely more important than the others; nevertheless, the fact remains that there are three crosses.

I

First, let us consider the Cross of the Redeemer. We do not have the exact charges brought against Jesus. However, subsequent rabbinical literature discloses the unwholesome spirit in which the charges were made. In the trial before Pilate nothing amiss was found in him. Seemingly he was charged with sedition, blasphemy and causing a tumult. In consequence of dishonest testimony he was condemned to die and forced to suffer crucifixion to appease the bloody barbarity of his foes. He was compelled to bear his own cross. When his physical vigor was exhausted, Simon of Cyrene was detailed to carry the cross the remainder of the way. In the procession leading to Calvary Jesus and the two robbers, guarded by soldiers under the company of a centurion, were in front. A multitude of priests, scribes and Judeans followed. Jesus did not have many friends in that crowd.

At last they reached Golgotha, the place of the skull. Jesus and the two thieves were nailed to crosses. The execution of the thieves may have been previously determined to take place on this day while that of Jesus may have been rushed that one execution might dispose of all of them. Jesus was raised in the midst of the robbers, the one on the right hand and the other on the left, as if he were the most despicable of the three. As we read in the Scriptures, "He was numbered among the transgressors."

The Cross of the Redeemer—that is, the cross of salvation and satisfaction—was in the center of the scene. The arms of mercy reached out alike to each robber. In my judgment one was as near forgiveness as the other. Each one heard him say, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Roman, scribe and Pharisee derided the central Figure.

Jesus had a few friends, but they had either deserted him, or were far from him—weak, despairing, unable to offer a word of sympathy to mitigate his suffering. To those who perpetrated this crime, death on the cross meant complete failure and unspeakable humiliation. Where was the pleasure in driving the nails through his hands and feet? Where was the satisfaction in pressing over his brow the crown of thorns? Out of darkness, discouragement and defeat came light, glory and victory. The shame of the cross vanished when it became the symbol of redemption. The cross represents all Christ has done for us.

What is the doctrine of the cross of Christ? He paid the price for the salvation of men. "Ye are not your own; for ye were bought with a price." Not all are agreed on the doctrine of the cross. Some think the sacrifice of Christ was not and is not essential to his saving work. The church universal holds that it is. Christ lived and died for us. He made the atonement once and for all and forever. He lifted the condemnation of the law and effected reconciliation between man and God. In a word, he did enough for our salvation.

Each cross has blood stains on it. From the central cross dripped the blood of innocence, the blood of him who had done no wrong, the blood of the atonement. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission

of sin." "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." On the central cross is the fulfillment of John 3:16: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." "Before the cross of Calvary the world has paused and gazed and wept and worshiped in adoring wonder, and well may it." At the end Jesus said: "It is finished, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The fight is over, the victory is won, the atonement is made, heaven is open for believers.

II

Second, let us consider the Cross of the Unredeemed. This is the cross of impenitence and rejection, the cross of unbelief. We are not deeply concerned with the position of this cross—whether it was on the right hand of Jesus, or on the left. In person he was very near the fountain of mercy, unmindful of the great eternity stretching out before him. He might have received pardon, but he did not seek it; he failed to take advantage of his opportunity, perhaps the only one he ever had to accept Christ. He showed a reckless disregard for the coming judgment. We are justified in believing that Jesus loved him as much as he did the other robber, that he was just as eager to forgive him. The difficulty is not found in the attitude of Jesus toward him but in his attitude toward Jesus. A bleeding hand outstretched to him was spurned, a love willing to rescue him from perdition was rejected.

Sad though it is, this sinner hardened his heart against every entreaty, every worthy suggestion, every holy impulse. He was so near the central cross—yet strange as it may seem, few have been more distant from it. His haughty spirit persisted, showing that he was destitute of the fear of God and unsusceptible to his love. I know of no scene more pathetic than that of a dying man rejecting Christ.

This unbeliever had the impudence to challenge Jesus to save all three of them, inasmuch as to say, "You are not the Christ unless you do this." No word of rebuke came from the crowd. His brother malefactor reproved him, saying: "Dost thou not fear God? seeing thou art in the same condemnation? and we indeed justly; for we receive the due rewards of our deeds; but this man has done nothing amiss." He wanted salvation that was all mercy and no justice, forgetting that God is just as well as merciful. The salvation he wanted, he wanted for nothing; being unwilling to pay the price for it. He manifested a spirit of worldly indifference. He displayed no courtesy, no manliness, no marks of regret. He departed this life without forgiveness, without repenting, without the blessing and peace of God. His life was a life of failure. At his side grew the Tree of Life, of its fruits he did not eat. His death was the death of defeat. In his last hour his unbelief brought him no satisfaction. He died on the cross of the lost.

III

Finally, let us think about the Cross of the Redeemed. This is the cross of penitence, faith and acceptance. At the outset each thief reviled Jesus; presently this one changed. It makes no difference on which side of Jesus he was. He said: "Jesus, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Our Lord replied: "Verily, I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in paradise." The request took the form of a prayer that Jesus would remember him. He wanted a place in Christ's Kingdom, to share in his death, to be blessed in his resurrection and to abide in his eternal home. All he asked for was a place in the memory of Christ. He was able to gather a few fragments of the truth and formed a simple trust, a sincere faith, and discovered the Redeemer was by his side. His doubts were gone and he was saved. "Somewhere between the two crosses penitence and mercy met and salvation was the result. How short the prayer, how satisfying the answer, how complete a picture of salvation by grace through faith in Jesus Christ!" The incident does not furnish any excuse for procrastination. This may have been the only opportunity of a lifetime to accept Christ. Not everyone is favored with repeated opportunities to accept him. This is the one example of a deathbed repentance recorded in the Bible. As a rule, people die like they live.

The conversion of this man took place under trying circumstances; life was almost gone, death was near. The crowd jeered at Jesus, soldiers cast lots for his garments, the other thief mocked him. But notwithstanding this lack of faith, grace wrought salvation in the penitent heart of this sinner. He realized the need of a final blessing before the embers of life burned out. His prayer was short, for he did not have long to pray. It was answered immediately. That very day he was with the Lord in paradise. A death by crucifixion might last for three or four days. The fulfillment of this promise reveals the hidden glory of Jesus, his saving power. This conversion was a trophy to the power of the Central Cross. Faith unlocked the gates of paradise for this sinner. As he went out into the beyond he affirmed the innocence of Jesus, the only person openly to defend Jesus at Calvary.

At sunrise the unbelieving thief stood justly condemned to die in keeping with the legal enactments of men. Before sunset he received pardon at the bar of Almighty God. In the morning when the gates of Jerusalem opened for him he was numbered with the impenitent. Before nightfall the gates of the New Jerusalem accorded him a welcome home.

As applied to us we must choose either the cross of penitence or the cross of impenitence. Unbelief won a victory when it influenced the Jesuit missionaries to withhold the story of the cross in China. The cross has won its victories in all parts of the world—in Jerusalem, in Judea, in Samaria, in Macedonia, in Britain, in America, in the islands of the sea, and in our own hearts. "As Constantine, in his dream, saw the cross, and took it for his emblem with the motto, 'By this sign I conquer,' so our hope of victory for the gospel is in the cross. The cross must be raised so high above the earth that all men everywhere can see it and be united in spirit and in purpose under a common banner that the name of Jesus may be honored wher-

ever the sun runs its course and the moon cheers the watches of the night."

The choice of crosses must be made in this life. Death closes the door of opportunity.

Take another look at the scene at Calvary. The three crosses face in the same direction, that is, in the direction of eternity. The Cross of the Redeemer reaches to the great white throne where the Master sits in majesty on high. The Cross of the Unredeemed extends to the region of perdition. The Cross of the Redeemed brings us to a mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Paul declared: "Far be it from me to glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, through which the world hath been crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

WORSHIP is the one thing the church does for which no other institution feels responsible. In worship the spirit of man is lifted up in adoration of what is most excellent, and finds in the emotion so stirred the inspiration to better living. In a world where emotion can be put to such base uses and can achieve such terrifying results we need a society whose primary responsibility is to focus attention upon those aspects of ultimate reality which are common to all men and can alone furnish the basis of an all-embracing fellowship. WILLIAM ADAMS BROWN.

IT is a difficult day in which to believe in man. Men are making such a brutal mess of our earth. But we look at the Man Christ Jesus. God chose a plain man, a village carpenter, a member of a despised and conquered people, in whom to manifest his fulness. And of that fulness through this Man, every man, no matter how bad he may have become, can receive "grace upon grace." Man in himself is a sorry failure; man in Christ is the hope of a new world.

HENRY SLOANE COFFIN.

HONORED promises are the static basis of civilization and they are also its dynamic motor. Civilization cannot move forward without this sense of confidence. How may faith be restored? How may the world get back on the track?

It is not enough that new promises be made. It is not even enough that new promises be kept for a time. They must be kept for a long time. Before men can again live serenely, with a sense of confidence in the promises made by governments and nations, those pledges must be lived up to for decades. The sense of security we had before 1914 was generations in the making. Before we can create it again, we shall need to travel a long road and, I fear, a rough one.

MARK SULLIVAN.

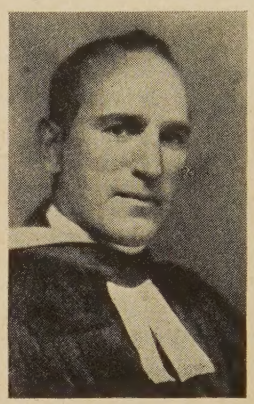
A VAGUE theism is futile. Belief in God is used by many Christians as a means of escape from the hard challenge of life. They seek to evade the responsibility of decision by throwing it upon God. Faith in God should not be a substitute for scientific study, but a stimulus to it, for our intellectual faculties are God's gift. ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The Christ of No Man's Land

BY JOHN SUTHERLAND BONNELL

And Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified. Mark 15:15.

THE season of Lent is commonly regarded as a time of heart-searching and spiritual renewal. Not everyone realizes that it may also be a time of spiritual peril. It is all too easy for us to use the cross as an escape, to vent our indignation on Pilate, Judas, Herod and Caiaphas, the chief actors in the tragedy of the crucifixion, and forget that we, too, fall under the condemnation of the cross.



It is nineteen centuries since that long procession climbed up Calvary but one cannot read the story without feeling that there is an *eternal* element in this drama, that the crucifixion, while occurring in time, also belongs to all the ages. The Bishop of London, Dr. Ingram, stressed this fact. He says that it "stretches with easy and terrible reach not only forward to the last moment which shall pass on earth but back to the earliest dawn of the foundation of the world."

So, too, one discovers in the cross a *contemporary* significance. It is relevant to our own day. It touches the life of every one of us. The men who drove Christ to the cross were not monsters of wickedness. They were simply a cross-section of humanity. It would not be difficult to find their counterpart in the life of our time. Who were they? A Roman governor who sacrificed justice that he might remain in power. A disciple of Jesus who had become soured by envy and greed. A reactionary ecclesiastic who used fraud and lies to defend his own prejudices. A princely ruler who cared more for the gratification of his passions than that an innocent man was going to his doom. If we are realistic we shall recognize in the faces around the cross the features of modern people. Indeed, we may recognize our own!

CHRIST IS STILL 'WOUNDED'

The contemporary element in the cross was brought home to me by an event that was altogether unforgettable. It happened shortly after the last war. I was motoring in France with an American business man whose brother had been killed in action while serving with our artillery unit. He said: "I want you to take me to every place where your battery was located. Especially I want to see the billets in which my brother slept and the cemetery where he and his comrades are laid away."

As we motored through northern France, we came to

Neuve Chapelle. Our battery had been near there for a considerable period. At the entrance to the village we came face to face with the "Wounded Christ." It was just a shrine like any one of the wayside shrines you see in many parts of France. But there was this difference. It bore a terribly mutilated Christ. The shell splinters and bullets had torn gaping holes in his head and face. Only the stump of the right leg remained. The left was blown off at the knee. His body was rent with shrapnel wounds and stained with poison gas. That shrine with its awful burden held us with a terrible fascination. Then the overwhelming thought came to me that this cross had been located in No Man's Land for the greater part of the war and that our bullets and shrapnel, our shells and gas had wounded the Christ.

As he hung there looking out with sorrowful eyes over the landscape which still bore the marks of bitter conflict, he seemed to be passing judgment upon the whole world for its sins and I recognized the contemporary element in the crucifixion.

That shrine at Neuve Chapelle is a parable of the way in which the cross of Christ searches and judges and condemns us all.

> You drove the nails in his white, white feet;
> I pierced each tender hand.
> And we laughed as we lifted the cross on high—
> Too wise to understand.
>
> You gave him the gall and vinegar;
> I thrust the lance in his side.
> Yet they say it was years and years ago
> That the Saviour was crucified.

PONTIUS PILATE—AND WE

It is especially significant that the Christian Church has singled out one man above all others as chiefly responsible for the death of Jesus. The Apostles' Creed says: "Suffered under Pontius Pilate." Yet Pilate is only the representative of a mighty host in our day as in Jesus' day—the morally indifferent people.

They had seen Christ's matchless life. They had listened to his words such as never man spake. Their own hearts told them, "This Man's message is God's own truth." But they didn't care. They went their indifferent way regardless of the fate of Jesus. It was no concern of theirs. On the morning of the crucifixion, two of them met at a street corner in Jerusalem and one said to the other: "I hear they are crucifying the Galilean today." That was all! And with a shrug of their shoulders, they went their way.

The crucifixion of Jesus was finally made possible by the people who didn't care. Pontius Pilate was their representative for, "willing to content the people . . . he delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified."

Pilate knew what was right. He knew what he ought to do. A moment before he had declared that Jesus was innocent. Yet he delivered him into the hands of his cruel enemies. That was the easiest way. Any other course would have involved trouble, and Pilate did not believe in facing a conflict on a moral issue. It was easier to sacrifice Jesus. And he had noticed that there wasn't a solitary voice lifted up in his defense in the judgment hall. Pilate had grown weary of the uneven conflict with the high priests. What was the life of one Galilean peasant in comparison with his own peace and safety? And so he proceeded to wash his hands!

Pontius Pilate is the exemplar of all those who, on a moral issue, choose the line of least resistance.

Shakespeare, in his tragedy "Richard II," makes the king say to his enemies:

> Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me
> Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
> Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands
> Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
> Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
> And water cannot wash away your sin.

THE SIN OF INDIFFERENCE

Is not moral indifference a devastating sin of our own time? The most stubborn obstacle to a better world is not the outright enemies of God but the mass of people who do not care one way or another. Look at our own land. Here are young men witnessing the disruption of all their plans, sacrificing remunerative employment and going forth to the deserts of Africa or the jungles of the Orient to hazard their lives for our freedom. In the presence of this heroic spectacle, it is pitiful to see men and women whose major endeavor is to gain what advantage they can for themselves out of a nation's agony.

The morally indifferent people do not care whether justice and righteousness wins or loses; whether the Church of Christ lives or dies; whether the postwar world will usher in a new day for man or prove but another prelude to universal war.

It has been well said that "Life is one long conflict between the motives of Jesus and the forces that drove him to the cross." And we are all taking sides.

Every time we choose a lower instead of a higher course and yield to our baser selves, we are identifying ourselves with the enemies of Jesus. And when, in scorn of consequence, we bravely stand for the right we are aligning ourselves with him.

The Reverend George Tyrrell of England, because of his battle for truth, was expelled from the Jesuit order and practically excommunicated by the Roman Catholic Church. In the midst of the conflict he wrote: "Again and again I have been tempted to give up the struggle, but always the figure of that strange Man hanging on the cross sends me back to my tasks again."

THE POWER OF THE CROSS

That Man on the Cross is worth living for—aye, he is worth dying for. And when the achievements and glories of man have crumbled into dust, his cross will still stand "towering o'er the wrecks of time," the symbol of God's eternal victory.

The greatest miracle of the cross is that even in the moment when it judges and condemns us it also proclaims a message of hope, for it tells us of a God who "so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten

Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Recently a man was brought in to see me. I say "was brought in" because he was on the verge of desperation and was accompanied by a USO official. He had earned distinction in the service of his nation but had been utterly defeated within. There wasn't a thing that I could say to him that gave him encouragement. Invariably he replied: "There is no use—I am through. I am a beaten man and I know it. Death is the only way out." There was nothing I could do for him, nothing—until I began to tell him about the cross and of One who loved man enough to die for him, of One who believed in the redeemability of every human soul. When I finished that story, I saw hope light up his face with a glory greater than that of an Alpine sunrise.

But the One of whom we think this morning is no longer hanging on the cross. He is no longer victim. He is victor. He is the Crucified but Risen Lord. He walks life's common way with us. Just when we think we are alone, we become aware of a Friend beside us. He knows how hard the battle has been, how often we have been defeated. His strong hand keeps us steady.

LIGHT FROM THE CROSS

A few days ago an early morning sacrament of Holy Communion was celebrated in our small Chapel. The service was held at the request of eighteen sailors who were about to go to sea on a special mission. It was a memorable experience. The arrangements had been hastily made and there were no elders to assist. I gave the Communion to these men individually. One young sailor lad, little more than 18 years of age, sobbed aloud as he took the bread. The memory of his church, his home and his dear ones was just a little more than he could bear. Throughout the service, there was an atmosphere of holy quiet. It seemed as if the Risen One were himself in our midst laying his hand in benediction upon those youths one by one. They went forth from the Communion with shining faces and with renewed spiritual strength. Those eighteen American sailors are on the high seas now and they know that they are not alone, for beside them is One, unseen to the eye of sense, whose form is like unto that of the Son of God.

To this dear Cross the eyes of men are turning,
Today as in the ages lost to sight,
And as for thee, O Christ, men's hearts are yearning—
As shipwrecked seamen yearn for morning light.

In these difficult and desperate days it surely behooves us to fix our thoughts on "those unshakable things that remain" and to cleave trustfully and obediently to him whose purposes are as changeless as his own being. His will is bound to prevail. Let us wisely remember that he is a God of righteousness, and that he has principles by which he governs both nations and individuals, which principles he cannot and will not compromise.

George W. Truett.

Our Fear of Jesus

By Arnold Hilmer Lowe

From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. John 6:66.

After nineteen hundred years of Christian living we are still afraid of Jesus. There is an unforgettable picture of this fear of ours in the sixth chapter of John. There is the record of a day from the life of our Master. It literally reeks with confusion and disorder. It was a day when climax was followed by anticlimax, discipleship by repudiation and disloyalty. Our text is taken from this record and is in the nature of an editorial comment upon this day. It is abrupt. It is revealing, and it is damning. It reads simply: "From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him." Why not? What had Jesus said to change their praise into grumbling dissent? What had altered their judgment of him? Yesterday their hands were ready to reach for a crown; today they sought to get hold of a cross.

The answer to this question is startling. Indeed, it is as startling as the text itself. They had suddenly found him out. In one flashing moment they had seen what Jesus really was. In his words they had discerned his character and purpose. This is what he said to them: "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye have no life in yourselves. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood abideth in me."

It was as though he had said: "You cannot take me casually. You cannot follow me simply because I have given you bread to eat. I am not to be discussed as one discusses a new economic or scientific theory. I am not a religious or political convenience. I am a part of your living or I am nothing at all. You must absorb me as you absorb food and drink. As food enters into the blood stream, so my life must enter into your thinking, your hopes, your very life. Without me you can do nothing. It is all or nothing." This is what he said that day. And that is what frightened them. And so they walked no more with him.

CHRIST'S CHALLENGE IS MORAL

To put it into language our young people understand better than some of us, "they could not take it." They thought, perhaps, they were following some political agitator with a disguising touch of mysticism upon his words. They thought they were following some new charlatan preaching a Utopia, and all the while giving them bread to numb their senses. But they were wrong. Frightfully wrong. And on that fateful day they knew it. They suddenly sensed the earnestness of his intentions and the severity of his pur-

pose. They had seen flames spurting from his eyes and searing their consciences. His words had flayed them like leaden lashes and accused them of cheap opportunism. He had asked them to follow and to risk all.

You see, in that one moment they learned what sooner or later men must always learn: that the problem with which Jesus confronts men is a moral one. Whatever some may say, the issue in Christianity is never intellectual; it is never economic; it is never political. It is deeper. The issue in Jesus is moral. And on that day there was in the hearts of those disciples no courage for such a high moral adventure. Therefore, they walked no more with him.

Well, men have always left Jesus because they were afraid to accept the moral implications of his being. Oh yes, men have been quite willing to follow him when no more was asked of them than to sing hymns or to mumble prayers or to reveal some inexpensive piousness. Yes, men would be willing to follow Jesus today if only he would wink at some of the things they do, think, say. Men would gladly accept Jesus if he were willing to fit himself into the narrow pattern of their living.

THE ONLY CHRIST THERE IS

But on that day those disciples saw another Jesus altogether—not inoffensive but scrutinizing their lives, disturbing their consciences, censoring their actions. Well, that's the only Christ there is—one who scrutinizes our deeds, censors our actions; who will not leave us be and will not let us go. That's the only Christ there is—one who enthrones himself in the hearts of men or will not come at all; one who will take command of men or will not come near them; one who asks of men that they take him all or not at all. I say that is the only Christ and the only issue. It is deep and it is everlastingly moral. And sooner or later men have to face this issue and this Christ. Is this the sort of Christ we want?

We know the answer. We are afraid. This is the monotonous and time-worn testimony of history. Men are afraid of Jesus. In every great crisis man, standing at the crossroad, has had an opportunity to lead society to moral, political and economic redemption. He has not done it. He has not done it because he would not take Christ with him; and without him he could not do it. This is the testimony of all history. Men have said of Jesus that his teaching is not practical; that it is not relevant; that it is not scientifically warrantable. Men who thus spoke were rationalizing a fear gnawing at their hearts. Therefore they turned the other way and walked without Jesus.

Indeed, we are afraid today. If this fear of Jesus does not reveal itself consciously, it is nevertheless articulate and unmistakable. What are we afraid of in Jesus? His revealing words bringing God out of the shadows into the light of men's understanding? His sheer physical and moral courage? His unfailing redeeming affection? Of course not! What we fear in Jesus is that his presence in our lives will impose upon us a self-discipline we do not desire. Yes, that is what we fear—a ruthless, rigorous self-discipline. We fear hearing his voice: "If thy right eye causeth thee to stumble, pluck it out." "If thy right hand causeth thee to stumble, cut it off."

Some of us would rather live in moral mediocrity than discipline ourselves. This is not only true of men and women; it is true of nations. We would rather be morally mediocre than get rid of the things that keep God out of our lives.

WHY DO MEN FEAR THE TRUTH?

Yes, we fear the revealing light of Jesus' presence in our lives. We know that if Christ stands by our side we shall see ourselves as we truly are; and we will not have it so. It is strange, isn't it? In almost every category of living, men seek after truth. Men want to get to the bottom of things. Even little boys like to take clocks apart to find out what makes them run. But in our moral and spiritual realm we will not have it so. A man goes to a physician to find the truth. If the physician falters and hesitates he says, "The truth, man, the truth!" A man going to a physician for any other reason than the truth is a fool and a coward. But we will not go to Christ that way. We are afraid of the truth. We fear that in his presence we might see ourselves—strength and weakness, glory and foible. Of that we are afraid.

Yes, this we fear in Jesus—that his presence in our lives might release within us our latent capacities for goodness. This is a terrible thing to say. We fear that his preesnce might release within us our latent capacities for goodness. We are afraid that Christ's realism might bring to fruit within us all of our native gifts. Few of us are as bad as we seem to be. There is a better side to all of us. There is a better world than we have fashioned. But we really do not want the kind of world we are always talking about, else we would have it. We really do not want the kind of earth men are continually writing about, else we would have it. We have within ourselves the capacity to make our homes lovely. Obviously that is not what we want. We have within ourselves the capacity to live with others as brothers, sharing our benefits, each forgiving the other his weaknesses, building a kingdom. But deep down in our hearts that is not the kind of world we want. We know that if Christ ever, ever touches us, that is the kind of world we will have. That is what we fear.

'TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?'

So the matter becomes personal. It does not now concern the Disciples or those who no longer followed. It is now our concern because many of *us* walk no more with him and we have turned to other masters—masters fashioned by science, created by technologies and by political cults. What has come of our repudiation of Christ is evidenced by the fierce logic of our failures. What has come of it is seen in the shambles about us, in the devastation wrought by human hands. What has come of it is seen in the bitter storms blowing upon us, storms driving us into the years of drought. Yes, what has come of it is seen in our utter incompetence to balance our scientific and mechanical

progress with moral control. Here we are, another generation, without any anchors, amid fears and insecurities, and misery going over our souls as a harrow goes over the field. And now the voice of Jesus comes to us: "Will ye also go away?" The voice of Peter comes to us: "To whom shall we go?"

A man must go somewhere. A man must have some master. A man must have some loyalty. Some voice man will follow. He must cling to some great truth or some great lie. Someone's wisdom will guide us tomorrow, and someone's courage. Whose shall it be? We have well-nigh exhausted every other resource. To whom shall we turn? Never was there a better time to ask the question. Some of you, within a year or two, will be out on some battlefront, fighting on alien soil, flying in some foreign sky, sailing through some distant sea.

I plead with you—consider Jesus. He has been a name in a book, the object of worship. Oh, he must be more than that! Are you afraid of him? If you are a coward you might well be afraid. But if you are a man, you need not be. Listen to him: "Come unto me for my yoke is easy." There are great burdens that are light. There are gigantic tasks that a man will love. There are great sacrifices a man will make with a song in his heart.

I plead with you today. Let us not be afraid. Let us follow him, and we will build a world on earth fit for our children and fit for God.

What Can Religion Do for Me?

By S. Felix Mendelsohn

The Lord is my light and my salvation—whom shall I fear? The Lord is the refuge of my life—of whom shall I be afraid? Psalm 27:1.

TO BE RELIGIOUS means to possess a belief in God. This belief cannot be passive. It requires active expression. The religious individual is expected to renew constantly his relationship to God by attending services once a week, by offering daily prayers and observing ceremonies at home, and by maintaining religious institutions. Religion requires effort and energy and the question is therefore asked repeatedly, Is all this worth while? What does religion offer in exchange for these sacrifices?

This question is perfectly legitimate and it was asked by human beings throughout the ages. Certainly our ancient forefathers must have been skeptical about the efficacy of their faith, for the Bible contains numerous assurances regarding the pragmatic value of religion. The psalmist points out the significance of religion by saying: "The Lord is my light and my salvation—whom shall I fear? The Lord is the refuge of my life—of whom shall I be afraid?" Thus the psalmist takes delight in his faith because it renders him a highly necessary service: it furnishes freedom from fear.

We don't know how deeply rooted fear was among the ancients but we do know that it is widespread today. It is difficult to find a modern man or woman whose life is not in one way or another harassed by fear. In fact psychologists claim that nothing in our day is more devastating to physical, mental and social welfare than fear. Some time ago James Barrett published a book under the title *How to Overcome Your Seven Deadly Enemies.* The first of these enemies is fear. There is no doubt that Mr. Barrett is correct. Fear may well be considered Public Enemy Number One.

A TREACHEROUS ENEMY

Fear is not an opponent but an enemy—and there is a decided difference between the two. An opponent does his work in the open and you are able to fight him. In fact an opponent makes life more interesting since there is joy in trying to overcome him. An enemy, on the other hand, does his work in the dark and he is full of deceit and treachery. To overpower an enemy is an extremely difficult task.

Let us look at the subject of fear a little more closely. Fear is a basic emotion and to primitive man it served a highly useful purpose. To primitive man fear proved a concrete reminder of impending danger and it admonished him to take action in order to avert this danger. In other words, originally the function of fear was logical—but in our day it has become largely pathological. Instead of making for action, fear in our day frequently leads to inaction. Those who are stricken with chronic fear will occasionally name the object of which they are afraid, but in reality there is no objectivity to their fears. These people are primarily afraid of themselves, of aggressive and unmoral acts which they unconsciously wish to commit but which are tabooed in civilized society. The element of fear is accentuated particularly during a period of war. This type of fear psychiatrists call "war neurosis."

RELIGION AS AN ANTIDOTE

Fear then presents a baffling problem to modern man. The solution? Religion still claims that the antidote for fear is faith—faith in the love of God for man, faith in the moral order of the universe, faith in the final triumph of good over evil. That religion has been successful in eliminating fear is testified to by no less an observer of the human soul than Sigmund Freud, who said, "The true believer is in a high degree protected against the danger of certain neurotic afflictions."

Millions of religious people are ready to testify that religion has freed them from fear, but there are millions of others who will deny that religion possesses such powers. However, those who are skeptical about the efficacy of religion in dispelling fear are not fully familiar with the origin of fear and the function of religion.

Most of our fears are not innate but acquired. The infant feels secure and he has complete faith in the omnipotence of his parents, especially the father. However, as the child grows older he loses faith in his

father and becomes skeptical of his father's ability to do everything. This feeling frightens the child terribly and he becomes concerned about his security. The child thereupon begins to transfer his faith to another father, to an all-powerful Father who is able to do everything—namely, to God. Parents can be helpful in enabling the child to crystallize his faith in God. Those who receive religious training in childhood are excellently equipped for acquiring faith in God and consequently for dispelling fear. In other words, what religion did for the psalmist in ancient times it is still able to do for us today—provided we are trained from childhood to have faith in God.

FAITH—WITH ACTION

Without religious training early in life the road to freedom from fear is highly complicated, but not hopeless. We may acquire faith in God and freedom from fear later in life—provided we remember two things: First, that nothing can be acquired without action, including religious ideas. Second, we must not expect miracles and we must realize that the cultivation of faith is a lifelong process. Just as true love and true friendship cannot come to us suddenly and must grow on us, faith in God too cannot come to us suddenly and must grow on us.

Those who approach their fears with a degree of rationality and who apply to them assiduously the principles of religion have good cause to hope that they too may be able to exclaim with the psalmist: "The Lord is my light and my salvation—whom shall I fear? The Lord is the refuge of my life—of whom shall I be afraid?"

WE cannot live the way we have been living without having the kind of world we now have.

E. STANLEY JONES.

WE live in the present; we dream of the future; we learn eternal truths from the past.

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK.

LIBERTY is a thing of the spirit—to be free to worship, to think, to hold opinions, and to speak without fear—free to challenge wrong and oppression with surety of justice. HERBERT HOOVER.

IT is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading objective is to elevate the condition of men—to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the paths of laudable pursuits for all, to afford for all an unfettered start. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THERE are few of us so blind as not to realize that unless the moral force of religious conviction impels, the goal of true and lasting international cooperation cannot be attained; who do not appreciate the vital truth of the words, "If God does not build the house, those who build it build it in vain."

SUMNER WELLES.

Jesus the Food of the Soul

A COMMUNION SERMON

BY GEORGE B. KING

I am the bread of life. John 6:35.

MANY years ago, when a lad at preparatory school, I heard the famous English preacher, Mark Guy Pearse, give a lecture with the title, "A Piece of Bread." He told the story of the seven years' famine in Egypt. You will remember that Joseph had laid up grain in the storehouses of Egypt against the famine that was to come. When the famine did break, the Egyptians brought their gold to Joseph to purchase grain. When their money was gone, they handed over their flocks and herds to him, then their lands. But the famine continued, and the Egyptians had nothing left but themselves wherewith to barter for food. And Mark Guy Pearse pictured a group of nobles, men and women in all their finery, coming to Joseph with an appeal for help: "Here come lords and ladies, clothed in purple and fine linen, seeking grain to sustain life. What's a lord when he can't get a loaf of bread! 'Take our gold,' they cried, 'take our lands, take our liberty, but give us bread!' What's the good of gold when you can't get a crust to eat?"

Bread is a fundamental necessity of life. That fact is being forced into our consciousness today as never before, when the populations of vast areas devastated by war are slowly wasting away from malnutrition, and when even nations that have always had plenty are facing scarcity because of the exigencies of the war effort. Once in our own Canadian history famine stalked its grim way across our own land, when in the earliest days of settlement in Upper Canada, in what became known as "the year of famine," hundreds had to live on roots, and even the buds of trees, or anything that might sustain life.

Bread is such an undeniable necessity of life that the writer of the Fourth Gospel gave no account of the formal institution of the Lord's Supper such as we have in Luke and in Paul. You will find, however, the story of the feeding of the five thousand, and after that the account of the attempt to make Jesus king, so that as a sort of Lord Bountiful he might go on giving his people bread. Jesus turned aside the attempt, and so we have that lovely talk on the Bread of Life, with the words of the text embodying its central emphasis: "I am the bread *of life.*"

We need not for the moment inquire why the story of the institution of the Lord's Supper was omitted from this Gospel and that of the feeding of the five thousand made to substitute for it. I would like to point out how close the author of the Fourth Gospel comes to his Master in the way in which he takes such simple things as the eating of bread, the drinking of water, being born, being cured, and other acts of daily life, and makes them the vehicle of his teaching. If you have read this Gospel with appreciation, you can't eat

bread, take a drink of water, attend a wedding, look at a little babe as it lies for the first time in its mother's arms, and not think of Jesus and the Christian way of life. "I am the bread of life." "Whosoever drinkest of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

I

Our text declares that Jesus is the breakfast or supper of the soul. If Jesus be that, if he be the bread of life, then *the Lord's Supper is for his followers a renewal of fellowship with their Master.* The body requires daily food if it is to perform to its full capacity. So one of the petitions in the prayer which Jesus gave his followers is, "Give us this day our daily bread." Just so do our spiritual natures need constant refreshment. As we partake of the bread and the wine, we receive and partake of the spirit and life of Jesus. Somehow or other, the purity and unselfishness of his life break down the barriers of mind and heart that we have erected against him. His spirit finds an entrance, to renew us and to inspire us with his ideals and life.

Campbell Moody quotes these words spoken by a non-Christian Chinese: "I understand that when the Christians take the bread and wine, their natures are changed, so that a bad-tempered man becomes good-tempered, so that an opium-smoker loses his love of opium, and a gambler his love of gambling, and a vicious person becomes a virtuous one." That appears, on the surface, to put something of magic into participation in the Lord's Supper, and certainly does not correspond to the doctrine of the Lord's Supper held by the United Church of Canada. This is how the Basis of Union reads: "The Lord's Supper is the sacrament of communion with Christ and with his people, in which bread and wine are given and received in thankful remembrance of him and his sacrifice on the cross; and they who in faith receive the same do, after a spiritual manner, partake of the body and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ to their comfort, nourishment and growth in grace."

There is no magical virtue in the bread and the wine which we this morning eat and drink. The Chinaman, nevertheless, approached very nearly to the truth: men and women are changed, cleansed, renewed when with a will to know and to serve they partake of the elements, when in the strength of mind and heart derived from communion with their Master they go out into daily life to show that spirit of mutual love and service of which he offered the supreme example.

Here pre-eminently, in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, we may this Sabbath morning gather strength from Christ. But not just at the Lord's Table! It was for the purpose of driving that fact home that the writer of the Fourth Gospel omitted to tell the story of the institution of the Supper. Not that he did not believe in the sacrament: he simply took it for granted. There were those in his day who thought that they drew magic virtue from the eating and the drinking and who lived their lives in between on a lower level of communion with Christ. They were placing too much emphasis upon the sacrament itself and he tried to lessen that emphasis by placing the stress upon continuous communion with Christ. Christ is the bread *of life.* Day in and day out, for our daily tasks and in our daily tasks, the heavenly food which is Christ is available to us. All life is a sacrament in which we may see Christ.

> Thou, the peace that passeth knowledge,
> Dwellest in the daily strife;
> Thou, the Bread of heaven, art broken
> In the sacrament of life.

The Lord's Supper is a renewal of fellowship with our Master, but of a fellowship which belongs not solely to this hour, but which carries over into the daily round and the common task. We have missed the significance of the Supper if it does not.

II

Not alone is the Lord's Supper a renewal of fellowship of the individual with Christ. It is also *a renewal of fellowship with the followers of Christ.* I hope that some in this congregation caught the thrill of those inspiring addresses by Basil Mathews when he was in Winnipeg last June, as he carried us around the world and showed us the church at work. If we could not all hear him, we can all read Henry Van Dusen's little book, *What is the Church Doing?* Read that book, and be convinced that Christian missions are not done for, as some pessimists within the church are maintaining, but are only beginning!

In his book Dr. Van Dusen refers to the "gathering tide of Christian union" which is showing itself in so many ways at this time in the world-wide Christian Church and in nothing more so than in the project for the support of what was happily termed the "orphaned missions." About one-eighth of the missionary effort in the world was carried on before the advent of Hitler by missionary societies in Germany, Scandinavia, the Low Countries and France. The war could have been the end of the missionary endeavors of the Christians of those countries—a tragedy for them and for the church at large—had not the International Missionary Council formed a plan for the channeling of funds from churches and lands still free to support the missionary projects that faced extinction. No high pressure methods were adopted to secure contributions, yet money flowed in from far and near with results that were astounding. Contributions came in such volume from the United States, Great Britain, Canada, India, China and elsewhere that no work has ceased where circumstances have made it possible for it to continue. Thus have the tragedies, the sufferings and the anxieties of these war days brought to the Protestant Churches of Christ an awareness of their underlying unity such as they never had before.

There is an intimacy about meal-taking which sets it apart from all other human activities. The members of the family have gone their own ways during the intervening hours of the day, then the meal draws them together, and in the simple act of eating and drinking they forget that they are individuals and

think of themselves as a family, drawn together by common needs and purposes. You and I, we all, have a common Lord and a common gospel. We are one. The members of that little independent Malayan Church on the island of Sumatra, only a few years removed from heathenism, surrounded by fanatical Moslem neighbors, and now under the heel of Japan, are one with us, and we offer up our prayers for their preservation in this day of their sore trial. That simple native church somewhere in the wilds of Africa, the black faces of the worshipers shining with eagerness and reverence as their minister reads the words of institution of the Supper—that church is one with us. And it may so happen that this morning a chaplain has somewhere gathered a little group of soldier boys together to a simple communion service, in a scarred church or under the shadow of a rock, with the sound of the guns in the distance, and they too join with us "in remembrance of" our common Lord and Master, who is as near to them there, in far distant lands, as to us here who love them so much.

I like to think of Jesus as coming to a peasant home as the light of day fades in the western skies and partaking with the inmates of their humble meal of bread and olives and rough country wine. The children gathered around him as a natural thing and he blessed them. And as they ate they talked and long afterwards, and the night sped on winged feet. And for this family, and for the friends and neighbors who had dropped in, life never could be the same again after that night. They had listened to him who spake "as never man spake" and they had drawn inner strength and joy and solace from him who is the bread of life.

So may we this morning at his Table feel his transforming power, and go from it renewed and strengthened and inspired by the bread and the wine of remembrance of which we have partaken. Take his spirit and his life out into a weary, war-torn world that sorely needs them for its healing. Go out and do his work, being sure that the strength he has given he will renew daily, and it will be sufficient for the work which he gives you to do.

Radar

A Sermon for Youth by Titus Lehmann

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I go from thy presence? Psalm 139:7.

ONE of the most remarkable developments of the war is that of "Radar," which means "radio detecting and ranging." The letters spell the same word forward and backward. In England this instrument is called "radiolocator." It is an instrument which sends out electrical energy at the rate of 187,000 miles per second, which when it strikes an object bounces back and records on the instrument the distance, the direction and the swiftness of the movement of that which it has struck. It acts like a rubber ball which bounces back, or like the light which reflects from a mirror, or the echo which comes back to the speaker.

But we are interested in this instrument not only because it helps in the war, but also because it will be useful for peacetime work. It also gives us a symbol of some of the deeper things of the spiritual life, which we wish to understand. Men have always tried to figure out for themselves the idea of an invisible God. They ask how can prayers reach God? How can God reach us?

From radar we note that there are electrical powers around us. The air is filled with all kinds of energies. So we can readily understand that if God has put such mysteries in the world, he can also send forth from himself all the powers which men need. How our prayers can reach God and come back to us is expressed in this fine poem by Ethel Romig Fuller, "God Hears Prayer":

If radio's slim fingers can pluck a melody
From night and toss it over a continent or sea;
If the petaled white notes of a violin
Are blown across the mountains or city's din;
If songs, like crimson roses, are culled from thin blue air—
Why should mortals wonder if God hears prayer?

Prayer is a message that goes out from the human heart, strikes God and comes back to men.

Radar also shows us that if we are not willing to hear and to receive, the message does us little good. A tragic story comes to us from December 7, 1941. On that day Private Lockhart, in Hawaii, was trying out his radar instrument, while off duty, so that he might be able to use it better. He located planes coming in at a distance of about three hundred miles. He reported his observation to the commanding officer, who paid no attention to the warnings of an amateur, and as a consequence many ships were destroyed and many lives lost at Pearl Harbor. God sends us his message through the Word, in the Sunday school, in the church, through prayer and hymn; but if we pay no attention, he can do very little for us.

Radar is an instrument which sends out a "beam" that enables the expert to "see" through fog, darkness, clouds, smoke, storms and even water. It was the detecting instrument that saved England from destruction at a time of intense bombings. It enabled men on ships to locate submarines and to guide convoys across the Atlantic. It gave American troops a chance to land on the Aleutians. It gives opportunity for aviators to avoid mountains, or to land their planes in a fog or in the darkness. It gave a pilot the chance to direct his ship into San Francisco harbor in spite of fog, rocks and other boats.

Faith is like radar—or radar is like faith—in that it

enables us to see through the fogs, the clouds, the obstacles of life. Faith is a "beam" sent out searching for God and asking: "Where are you, God? In all this darkness I cannot go on alone." And out of the clouds comes the reply: "Why are you so fearful, O ye of little faith? Lo, I am with you always." So our faith becomes a source of protection, a power of guidance, a means of security in danger and the source of strength that we may live, even in perilous days, in accord with God's Spirit.

A Pastoral Prayer

By Roy C. Helfenstein

O GOD, who hast blessed humanity down through the centuries even more largely than humanity has deserved, we pray that we may be worthy of the blessings we enjoy. Thy eternal purpose has found expression in human enlightenment and in human progress. We realize that mankind by its sins has defeated Thy purposes and thwarted human progress. We humbly confess whatever share of the guilt is ours.

We know that if mankind had followed Thy paths of love, of truth, of mercy and of justice, all would be well with the world today. And we know that mankind has lost its way and is today wandering despairingly in the wilderness of illusions.

We have faith to believe that Christ offers the only way out of the world catastrophe. We pray that before it is too late, the leaders of mankind may accept his leadership. Save the world, we pray, O God. Lead the nations out of the darkness. Thou alone art our hope, Thou alone art the hope of the world.

Save us individually from fear and despair. Give us poise in the presence of panic. Give us peace in the face of peril.

Speak Thou, O God, to our troubled hearts; give understanding to our baffled minds. Bless us and all those who are dear to us with the power of Thy Holy Spirit in right living. Make us steadfast in the faith of our Lord Christ. Save us from any littleness of thinking or acting when confronted with the greatness of life and the glory of living. Make us to hate what is wrong not only in the lives of others and in the life about us, but especially make us to hate whatever is wrong in our own lives. Keep us faithful in following Him who leads the way to victory, to Thee, and to peace. Amen.

Lenten Verse

He—They—We

THEY hailed Him King as He passed by,
They strewed their garments in the road,
But they were set on earthly things,
And He on God.

They sang His praise for that He did,
But gave His message little thought;
They could not see that their souls' good
Was all He sought.

They could not understand why He,
With powers so vast at His command,
Should hesitate to claim their rights
And free the land.

Their own concerns and this world's hopes
Shut out the wonder of His news;
And we, with larger knowledge, still
His Way refuse.

He walks among us still, unseen,
And still points out the only way,
But we still follow other gods
And Him betray.

John Oxenham.

The Call from Galilee

WHILE mighty earthquakes rock the world's foundation,
And chaos threatens empires and their kings,
While men of strength lie stricken in the wreckage,
And men of wisdom cease their utterings,
While darkness menaces man's puny striving,
And new-born terror haunts the land and sea,
Still walks a lonely Peasant by a lakeside
And calls to his disciples, "Follow Me."

Thomas Curtis Clark.

The Face of Jesus Christ

IS this the face that thrills with awe
Seraphs who veil their face above?
Is this the face without a flaw,
The face that is the face of love?
Yea, this defaced, a lifeless clod,
Hath all creation's love sufficed,
Hath satisfied the love of God,
This face, the face of Jesus Christ.

Christina Rossetti.

The three poems are from *Poems for Life*, by Thomas Curtis Clark. By permission of the publishers, Willett, Clark & Co.

Sermon Outlines *from* PULPIT Readers

Unrationed Religion

Text: Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Luke 11:9.

I. INTRODUCTION—There is an economic law to the effect that the value of anything is determined by its scarcity. But there is one thing which is of greatest value and whose value depends on its abundance—religion. Pure religion has always been and is forever unrationed.

II. BODY OF SERMON—1. Unrationed religion, to become radiant, must be motivated by the power of an outreaching faith. (a) Man's indifference to his spiritual faith has led him to place his faith in dictators: the one is constructive and the other is destructive. Whenever man tries to make himself God, he acts like the devil. (b) Niemöller affirms that we ought to obey God rather than men; Hitler demands that people obey him rather than God. Even then, when religion becomes suppressed, it can't be rationed; viz., the catacombs in Roman times, and the spirit in the German and Norwegian churches today. 2. Unrationed religion, to become vital, must generate the spirit of an uplifting love. (a) The power of love of which Jesus spoke was not romantic but dynamic. It could lead him to the cross restrengthened. It could lead Stephen, Peter and Paul to face death re-empowered. (b) That is the power which a war-weary world needs today. It alone can build a neighborhood of nations. Yet we hear our generals pleading for hate and more hate, because they think it makes for power. (c) Paul said to Timothy, "God hath not given the spirit of fear but of love." Love alone is the force which can build a world of good will and genuine peace.

III. CONCLUSION—Future world peace will depend on the spirit and attitudes of the peoples and leaders of the victorious nations. If they let the spirit of faith and love exemplified by Christ motivate their minds and hearts, there will be an enduring peace.

(Henry H. Schooley, Church of the Mediator, Universalist, Providence, R. I.)

The Revolutionary Power Of a New Idea

Text: If I may but touch his clothes, I shall be whole.—Mark 5:26.

I. INTRODUCTION—In the 15th century Columbus refused the accepted idea that the earth was flat and sought a new way across the sea. Galileo watched the swaying of a cathedral chandelier and got the idea that brought a new understanding of the movements of the earth and heavenly bodies. Cromwell had the idea of representative government and that idea brought about a new political world.

II. BODY OF SERMON—Jesus gave the world four ideas that have changed men's thought and life. 1. The equality of classes. In Christ's day there was a chasm betwen the rich and poor—Dives and Lazarus; and even in modern England the population has been divided into three classes. How about America? The war has helped conditions, but we have not yet attained. 2. The equality of racial groups. At Jacob's well Jesus broke down the walls between Jews and Samaritans. He taught that God was Father of all. Lincoln got his idea, but what of us in America today? 3. The spiritual equality of the sexes. In Christ's time the wife was the property of her husband; she could not eat at the same table with him. Today, women have their own privileges as persons and citizens. But that is a Christian idea—note conditions in pagan nations. 4. The redemptive love of God. A revolutionary idea. God was thought of as angry Judge or King. No, said Christ, "God is love"—and Christ proved it on Calvary. This idea has resulted in prison reform, hospitals, orphanages, etc. Note that today ideas are revolutionizing the world: Marx, Nietzche. But also the ideas of Paul, Augustine, Tyndale, Dante and Bunyan are active and effective in making changes in the life of the world.

III. CONCLUSION—The thinkers and dreamers move the world, rather than the statesmen and men of secular power. And Christ was the greatest dreamer. The woman of our text thought that if she could only touch his garment, she might be healed. Believe that Christ can come into your life, and like this woman you will have new health, new power, new life.

(Harry Attenborough, Hillyard Methodist Church, Spokane, Wash.)

Toward Better Speech

A Free Forum for the Discussion Of Slips of Speech or Manner

Covenant and Testament: Andrew W. Blackwood, in *The Fine Art of Public Worship:* "We ought to say, 'This cup is the New Covenant in my blood,' and not, 'the New Testament.'" (Page 210) In the same book, referring to a too brisk or commonplace conduct of the Lord's Supper, he says of the careless minister: "When he takes upon his lips the holy words of his Lord—'Drink ye all of it'—he makes this saying about the unity of God's household sound as though it were an injunction to consume all of the wine." Some say, "Drink all ye of it."

Invitation: Won't our readers send to this column proper names which are often mispronounced? For example, mispronounced place-names which reveal the speaker immediately as a "foreigner." The birthplace of Woodrow Wilson, Staunton (Va.), is miscalled STAWN-ton instead of ***STAN-ton.*** Virginia is mispronounced, vir-JINNY-yuh, instead of ***vir-JIN-yuh*** (the dictionaries may suggest other ways but Virginians don't use them). Raleigh, N. C. is not Rolly, North Ca'lina, but ***RAW-li,*** North Carolina.

Writers and Leaders: Names of men who are in the forefront of Christian affairs are the victims of many distortions. How would you pronounce Tillich, Cailliet, Hromadka, Mann, Latourette, Mackay, Vlastos, Sizoo, Dulles, Sorokin, Hough, Bowie, Homrighausen, Ferré? Other names with their proper pronounciation will be appreciated.

From Christian literature many proper names should be discussed. Examples, Augustine, Worms, Chalcedon, and even Yahweh.

Caution: As on radio quiz programs, all contributions to this column should illustrate the error and give the correction.

Charles E. Jefferson, *The Minister as Prophet:* "Make it your ambition to be clear. It is your business to be understood. If you are not intelligible to every attentive listener of average intelligence, then offer no excuses, but find out what the trouble is. Do not say you are too deep, for the chances are you are knee deep in mud. Deepest water is always clear. . . . Your lack of clearness is in all probability due to shallowness, and by becoming deeper you will be more easily understood."

AUBREY N. BROWN,
2928 Hawthorne Ave., Richmond, Va.

Leading the Congregation in Prayer

By Hugh Stevenson Tigner

IT IS no news to chuchgoers, though they are hesitant to speak about it frankly and openly, that the shabbiest and most tedious item in the evangelical service of worship is usually the prayers, especially the "pastoral" prayer, the "main" prayer, the "long" prayer that follows the reading of the lesson. Why is this the case? I suspect it is chiefly due to the fact that the evangelical tradition has thus far resisted all cold, clear, objective thought on this subject.

● *Why Are Prayers Sacrosanct?*

Prayer remains the only element in the evangelical service of worship surrounded with the attitude of tabu. We have studied, criticized, judged our hymns from all angles—doctrinal, poetical and musical—and have sought to raise their standards. We have done the same with responsive readings, litanies and anthems. We have encouraged brevity and a better sense of selection in the use of the Scriptures. We have done everything to sermons except eliminate them. We have experimented and tampered endlessly with the communion service. But our prayers have remained sacrosanct. Apparently, they stand on a pedestal above criticism. We have not dared define their function, or to prescribe standards for them.

For instance, a minister who would never think of delivering a sermon without hours and days of preparation will not only make a public prayer without five minutes of thought, but will make it a principle not to prepare his prayers, will even take pride in the fact that he does not. Although it would be considered preposterous to ask someone to deliver a sermon or to utter some worth-while thoughts on the spur of the moment, there is no hesitation about springing on him a request to lead an assembly in prayer. No organist wants to play, or choir to sing, hymns and anthems they have not practiced. But any pious and churchgoing man is thought competent to lead in prayer at the drop of a hat.

The offering of prayer is treated as no other offering. One is not expected to go carefully over his gifts and select the best that he has, but feels free to grab whatever is convenient and offer that. A prayer is a prayer, isn't it? And who has the presumption to say that one is better than another? This viewing of prayer in a unique light, this treating of prayer as somehow different from everything else in the service of worship, often displays the difference in an unfortunate way.

● *Private Prayers —and Public*

It is my assumption that our shortcomings in public prayer are due more to philosophical muddlement than to technical incompetence. My guess is that our basic weakness lies in an identification of public prayers with private prayers, in a failure to make any important distinctions between these two. Private prayer, being a secret affair between oneself and God alone, is nobody else's business, is not

Hugh S. Tigner

subject to human judgment, is inviolate. Apparently we often take the same attitude toward public prayers. But the fact of the matter is that public prayers are *not* private, but *public;* that they are spoken to be heard and understood by men. By virtue of this fact they have a significant element of edification in them. If this were not true, they would be made in silence or in Latin.

Let's get that straight.

Of course prayers are affairs between men and God. The underlying reason for a prayer of any kind is the existence of God and of man's need to worship him. (Indeed, this is the underlying reason for any and all parts of the service of worship.) In private prayer there is *only* the relationship between oneself and God. This may be represented graphically by a straight perpendicular line between these two points. But in public prayer there is an additional relation. There are three points instead of two, and the lines (graphically speaking) form a triangle. There is the one who gives audible utterance to the prayer. A line moves upward from him toward God. But there is a third point: the assembly of worshipers who also hear the prayer, who can't help hearing the prayer, who are supposed to hear it. So a second line moves horizontally from the speaker of the prayer to the people. From the people a third line moves upward toward God. Or it should. And that is the crux of the problem.

● *Helping the Public to Pray*

The maker of a public prayer is ultimately interested in that third line, the lifting of the people's minds and hearts Godward. But in many a service of worship this third line never exists because the prayer leader has not paid enough attention to that horizontal line between himself and his human hearers, which is another way of saying that he has not adequately prepared himself. He does not help the people to pray, but only hinders them. Instead of being made conscious of God and of their lives before him, they are made conscious only of the tedious, fumbling, trite, repetitious, rambling miscellany uttered in their presence.

The leader of congregational prayer serves the function of both prompter and teacher. It is up to him to speak the words that will prompt the people to pray, help them to pray for the most worthy and most needful things, and in the right spirit. He cannot avoid taking upon himself something of the responsibility of Christ when he answered the question of his disciples, "Lord, teach us how to pray." Realizing this ought to frighten him out of being impromptu.

● *Praying Without Preparation*

I may be naive in attributing the faults of our prayers mostly to lack of preparation. The defect may lie deeper than that, for of course it takes wisdom, spiritual insight and understanding, sincerity, faith, humility and charity, as well as careful forethought, in order to lead others in prayer. But surely it is chiefly lack of preparation when ministers: (1) go on and on in their prayers, driving everyone but themselves to fatigue, boredom and eventual distraction; (2) launch into sentences they do not know

how to finish, fumble for what they are going to say next, obviously grabbing whatever happens to pop into their minds; (3) throw in doctrinal disquisitions, summaries of biblical history, reviews of current events; (4) repeat what was said two minutes before; (5) give a replica of last Sunday's prayer, using the same pat phrases and stereotyped sentences they have used for the past fifty-five Sundays; (6) try to leave no subject untouched and no need uncovered by a petition; (7) offer no bit of piercing spiritual insight, none of that cutting moral discrimination indispensable for Christian living; (8) take up a lot of time without producing anything but a rambling, formless, uninspired and uninspiring miscellany; (9) make their hearers painfully conscious of the speaker.

I have no original thesis, pet techniques or special theories to advance about prayers for the service of worship. After plain shabbiness, I would say that our prayers are too long on the petitionary side, too short on adoration, and too lacking in those attitudes expressed by Jesus in seven words which L. P. Jacks has called the summary of all prayers: "Into thy hands I commit my spirit." If anything is clear about the Christian gospel, it is that we do not pray in order to change the will of God, but our own; that we do not pray to possess good things, but to become good ourselves; that the right prayer is not one in which we tell God what we wish from him, but one in which we ask God what he wishes from us. One would frequently not gather this from the prayers made in our evangelical services.

● *Great Prayers as Models*

For models, instruction and inspiration in prayer one should turn to the great prayers of the Christian ages. I happen not to know of any collection matching the one gathered and edited by Morgan Phelps Noyes *(Prayers for Services)* about ten years ago. One cannot read and ponder such a treasury of Christian devotion without having his own spiritual awareness broadened and sharpened, and that of course is the most important thing for the leader of prayer. Studying these prayers from the technical angle, one will note: (1) that they are relatively brief, few of them requiring more than three minutes for a slow delivery, and most of them requiring less; (2) that they are tightly organized, precisely pointed toward a definite purpose, concentrated upon a limited number of selected themes; (3) that they are wonderfully concise in statement, saying a great deal with a few words, nearly always containing some pregnant clause or sentence that will echo in one's memory a long time afterward.

One will be impressed with the value and power of discriminating statement, of the carefully selected statement, the statement which chooses one significant feature of an object and for the time being overlooks all other features. For instance, it is usually beneficial in the beginning of a prayer to cite some aspect of the character of God, that aspect which will be most pertinent for the prayer that follows. Note the stabbing power of this from Thomas Cranmer: "O God, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy." Or this from Rabbi Hillel: "Cast us not away from Thy presence, for without Thee we are as thistledown which the wind carries without aim and purpose." Or this from the Greek Church liturgy: "O Lord our God, who hast bidden the light to shine out of darkness." Or this from James Martineau: "Eternal God, who committest to us the swift and solemn trust of life." Such statements have the power to stimulate prayer, they stick in the mind and bear fruit later on. One such sure-footed and significant statement is infinitely more valuable than a half-dozen wordier ones.

● *Progress in Prayer*

And note how Martineau, for example, uses that opening as an *opening,* uses it to press on as follows: "Since we know not what a day may bring forth, but only that the hour for serving Thee is always present, may we wake to the instant claims of Thy holy will; not waiting for tomorrow, but yielding today."

But I shall have to draw back from this endless path of illustration and conclude with an urgent admonishment to study the great Christian prayers of the ages, to ponder them for inspiration and to study them as models. One should not hesitate to transpose them into his own language, or to use them as they are. Never should one be guilty of the sin of shabbiness when he knows in sufficient advance that it is to be his responsibility to lead in prayer.

Ten Commandments for a Minister's Reading

By John H. Scammon

A MINISTER'S BOOKS, of which the Holy Bible ought to be number one on his shelves, are like a doctor's instruments: they are his chief tools for helping people. Then let us try to draw up Ten Commandments for a Minister's Reading.

I. Thou shalt drop all book clubs for a year. Very few contemporary books will even be known by name twenty-five years hence.

II. Thou shalt not try to keep up with contemporary fiction. God has not called us to become authorities on American literature. If we read one recent novel a year, that's enough.

III. Thou shalt not substitute reading *about* the Bible for reading the Bible. A new theological school president asked his students to read during that year, with him, Isaiah 40-66 ten times and the Epistle to the Ephesians forty times.

IV. Each year thou shalt buy a good commentary on one book of the Bible, and try to master that book—of the Bible. I hope that all ministers believe that the Bible is an inexhaustible mine of spiritual riches; but few mines ever dumped their wealth at men's doorsteps—until men became miners.

V. Thou shalt follow some definite, long-range plan in reading, even if thou dost get far behind on it. Write to your own theological school for its latest list of recommended books in the religious field.

VI. Thou shalt not undertake too big a program. Most of us go by fits and starts. It is better to do a bit each year, reading for just fifteen minutes a day, than to have a splurge of two hours a day which lasts only the first Tuesday morning.

VII. Thou shalt look around to see if there are not at least three libraries which every minister may use. The local library, the nearest city library, and the regional theological library which does mailing—there they are. Use these, among other things, for keeping an eye on contemporary books.

VIII. Thou shalt buy books according to some definite plan and not according to the latest sale catalogue. If a minister's wife furnished her pantry the way we sometimes buy books, the family diet might be a trifle strange.

IX. Thou shalt make out a list of "Ten Great Books Every Christian Should Read," and take it to thy congregation—after thou hast read all the books thyself.

X. Thou shalt read some books that irritate thee. Nobody learns mountain climbing by sliding down banisters.

How many times in the past God has mightily used the authors of some of our great Christian books! He still can!

A SUBSCRIBER

is anxious to secure copies of the February 1940 and September 1941 issues of The Pulpit. Anyone having copies of those numbers, and no further use for them, will contribute to a good cause by forwarding them to Rev. D. B. Raulins, Ruston, Louisiana, or communicating with him about them.

The Publishers.

WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

FOR the past seventeen years Rev. GEORGE A. BUTTRICK has been minister of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York city. He was formerly president of the Federal Council of Churches. His latest book, *Prayer,* is the most significant book on that subject in a decade.

Rev. HAROLD BLAKE WALKER *went from First* Presbyterian Church, Utica, N. Y., about a year ago to assume the pastorate of First Presbyterian Church, Oklahoma City, Okla. He received his later education at the University of Denver, Boston University and the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Chicago.

Having received degrees at Tulsa University, Princeton University and Princeton Theological Seminary, Rev. OTTO C. SEYMOUR was awarded his Ph.D. at the University of Edinburgh. He has been minister of First Presbyterian Church, Joplin, Mo., for twelve years. His sermon included in this issue was preached at the opening of the Presbyterian Synod of Missouri last year.

A native of Canada, Rev. JOHN SUTHERLAND BONNELL ministered at St. Andrew's Church, New Brunswick, and Westminster Church, Winnipeg, and since 1935 has led the activities of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York city. He broadcasts weekly, October through March, over a national chain, a program entitled "Our Spiritual Life."

Rabbi S. FELIX MENDELSOHN *leads the activities of* Temple Beth Israel, Chicago.

Born in Switzerland, Rev. ARNOLD HILMER LOWE came to America in 1905. Ordained in the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., in 1912, he served as a missionary in West Africa, 1912-15. He was professor of biblical literature in Missouri Valley College for eight years and from 1927 to 1941 was minister of the Kingshighway Presbyterian Church, St. Louis. He has ministered at Westminster Church in Minneapolis for three years.

Rev. GEORGE BROCKWELL KING *is a minister of* the United Church of Canada and is dean of the faculty of theology of the United College, Winnipeg, Manitoba. He is this year president of the Manitoba Conference of the United Church of Canada.

Rev. ROY C. HELFENSTEIN *is minister of the First* Congregational Church, Mason City, Iowa.

Rev. TITUS LEHMAN *ministers in Baltimore, Md.*

Rev. HUGH STEVENSON TIGNER *is minister of the* First Universalist Church, Canton, N. Y.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

MATTHEW C. CAVELL, First Presbyterian, Evansville, Ind. "The Touch of His Hand—and Ours." Matt. 9:20, 21—"Come and lay your hands on her and she will live. . . . Now a woman came up behind him and touched the tassel of his robe . . . and she said to herself, If I can only touch his robe, I will live." (Moffatt)

CHAPLAIN WILLIAM F. BUTLER, San Francisco, Cal. "Clearing the Jungle." Jer. 17:9—"The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, who can know it?" 1 Cor. 9:27—"But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

MILTON B. BENNETT, Trinity Presbyterian, Detroit, Mich. "The Missing Ingredient." Mark 10:21—"One thing thou lackest."

A. PURNELL BAILEY, New Kent Methodist, Quinton, Va. "My People Have Forsaken Me." Jer. 2:13—"For my people have committed two evils: they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."

LOUIS E. HIGGINS, Nardin Park Methodist, Detroit, Mich. "Jesus' Three Freedoms." Matt. 9:2—". . . thy sins be forgiven thee." Matt. 14:27—". . . be not afraid." John 16:33—". . . be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

W. T. VANDEVER, First Baptist, Erie, Pa. "Victory through Prayer-Power." Luke 18-1—". . . they ought always to pray and not to faint."

A. THAD PARSONS, Baptist, Louisville, Ga. "The Priceless Privilege." Phil. 3:8—"I even reckon all things as pure loss because of the priceless privilege of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord." (Weymouth)

CLARENCE H. PETERSON, Mission Covenant, Salem, S. D. "The Abiding Peace." Eph. 2:14—"For he is our peace."

B. M. KETCHSID, Louisville-Mentor Charge, Louisville, Ky. "A Battle Cray for Our Day." Hab. 3:2—"O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years."

R. R. MACCARRON, United Brethren, Garwin, Ia. "Adventuring toward World Peace." Matt. 5:44—"I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you."

FRANK B. HERZEL, St. Paul's Lutheran, Batesville, Ind. "The Power of Belief." Matt. 8:13—"Go! You shall find it just as you believe." (Goodspeed)

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

. . . . . .
Title of sermon

. . . . . .
Text used (write out the text)

. . . . . .
Name of minister

. . . . . .
Name of church

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Address

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

THE demolition of the Benedictine monastery on the hill 1,800 feet high above the town of Cassino has strangely stirred the heart of Western mankind, including many who have only prejudice toward Roman Catholic institutions. There, in the year 529 A.D., began the organization of Christian piety as a protest against the secularism which, since Constantine, had been corrupting the faith and the spiritual life of Christianity. Not all of us Protestants are aware of the great debt we owe to the monastic movement. It began in the withdrawal of individuals into remote places where they adopted a regimen of poverty and rigorous practices in chastisement of the body in the belief that the flesh was inherently the enemy of the spirit and that Christian piety could brook no compromise with its demands. The grave excesses, both moral and psychical, to which this led, caused Benedict, himself such an ascetic, to inaugurate a reform of its abuses by gathering its votaries into a corporate community. By coupling physical labor with pious exercises, his community would be self-sustaining. His monks, established on Monte Cassino, worked in their own fields and shops in a spirit which regarded daily toil as integral to the Christian life. Soon scholarship was added to physical work and the multiplying monasteries became the medium for the preservation of classic and Christian culture. Later these monks became the evangelists of the Christian faith, penetrating everywhere throughout pagan and barbaric Europe with the gospel. It was Augustine, a Benedictine monk, who carried Christianity to Britain in 597 and founded the abbey of Canterbury. The fresh destruction of this ancient monastery on Monte Cassino, though it had been destroyed and rebuilt three times in the fourteen centuries since its founding, is a casualty of the war for which Christians of all creeds must profoundly grieve.

The Bombing of Monte Cassino

The Book of the Month

THE VITALITY OF THE CHRISTIAN TRADITION. *Edited by George F. Thomas in collaboration with eleven other teachers of religion. Harpers, $3.00.*

I OPENED this book with a prejudice and, after reading every word, laid it down with the feeling that I must herald its importance from the housetops. My prejudice was due to its multiple authorship; I usually don't like symposia in books. But this is a different kind of symposium. It is not a mere collection of disparate articles written by individual thinkers. It is the fruit of collective thinking by a group of Christian scholars who share so nearly the same point of view that the writer of any chapter might have written all the other chapters, save for the fact that each writer brings to his part of the task a highly specialized knowledge. The book was prompted by the common conviction of its authors that modern education, in excluding religious instruction, is cheating generation after generation of our youth by leaving them ignorant of the most vital and basic ingredient of Western culture. Its purpose is to present the Christian tradition —the history of the Christian faith from ancient Israel and the emergence of the Christian church down the centuries through the Middle Ages and the Protestant reformation to our own day. It sets forth the relation of the Christian tradition to modern culture, to modern philosophy, science, psychology, ethics and democracy. You are left in a state of profound amazement that an educational system could have grown up in total disregard of the very matrix out of which our culture has come.

A Thought for the Month

HAVE you noted that the atheist of yesterday has gone and that his kind is virtually extinct? We hear little if any talk of atheism now, whether from our philosophers and scientists or the smart aleck on the drygoods box in front of the village store. A great change has come over both the "intellectuals" and the man in the street. In England two of the most brilliant philosophers, C. S. Lewis and C. E. M. Joad, have recently renounced their former atheism and written books to show the reasonableness of belief in God. It seems easier to believe in God today, despite the war, perhaps in part because of the war, than it has been in a hundred years. The reason for this, I think, is that the old arguments —you remember them—the cosmological and the ontological arguments—have given place to a simpler argument. Instead of trying to prove the existence of God by starting in the vast cosmos and hoping to find him there or with some metaphysical proposition which we develop logically to a theistic conclusion, we are now taking our start with ourselves, our own actual nature as men. And the startling thing we find in men is that they all have a God whether they think they do or not! He may be a very inadequate God, or something good in itself which is worshiped as God, or even a bad and brutal God. But no man lives without a God—that is, without some reality or value which he calls good and to which he gives his supreme devotion. St. Paul refers to some people "whose God is their belly." Fascism makes a God of the state; nazism makes a God of the German *Volk;* Marxism makes a God of an economic class, the proletariat. The question we of today are asking is not: Is there a God? but: Among the innumerable Gods which men worship is there a true God? "There be Gods many and Lords many," says St. Paul again, but for us there is one God and we know him as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Passing Of Atheism

Charles Clayton Morrison

The Postwar Strategy of Religion

JOSEPH M. M. GRAY

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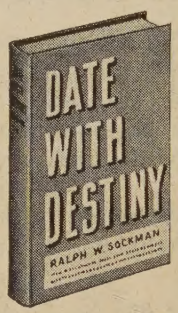
RALPH W. SOCKMAN



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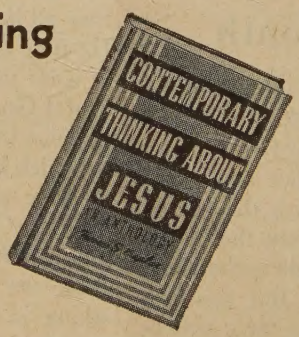

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